

## SONG.

Give me old music! let me hear  
The song of days gone by,  
Nor stay thy voice in kindly fear,  
I've to thy notes a falling tear  
Should make a mite reply:  
The songs that lulled me on the breast,  
To sleep away the noon,  
Sing on—sing on! I love them best,  
There's witchery in the notes I press  
With each familiar tune.

Give me old wine! its choicest store  
Draw from the shady bin;  
Our vineyards shall produce no more  
Such rare strong-juice they gave of yore,  
As sparkling lies within;  
This was my grand old chief delight,  
When the day's chase was o'er,  
Fill high! fill high! thy treasures bright  
Shall sparkle on our board to-night,  
Though we should drink no more.

Give me old friends—the tried, the true,  
Who launched their barbs with me,  
And all my joys and sorrows knew  
As chance's gales the pilgrim blew  
Across the troubled sea;  
Their memories are the same as mine—  
Our loves through life shall last;  
Bring one, bring all, your smiles to shine  
Upon our good old songs and wine,  
Like sun-beams from the past!

From the Star Spangled Banner.

## OBTAINING LIQUOR: Or, a Sailor's Prank.

BY COL. CLAY.

One fine day, a year or two since a neat medium-sized brig under easy sail, before a fresh breeze entered one of the little harbors on the Pacific coast, and rounded to and anchored in true whaleman style.

No sooner had the anchor fairly rested upon the bottom of the harbor than all was bustle and confusion; for a moment only, for the crew, obedient to the command of the officers sprang into the rigging, and ere many minutes had elapsed, every sail, fore and aft, was snugly furled and the men returned to the deck.

The brig was a small whaler, which after a fortunate cruise, had made the harbor for the purpose of recruiting.

It is a somewhat general practice with whalers on reaching port after a lengthy cruise, to have a regular "blow out," and this the crew of the brig Marlow, numbering in all some twenty, were determined on. The officers' permission obtained, a boat was despatched to the little village at the head of the harbor to obtain a keg of liquor on which they were to make themselves generally happy.

The boat had been gone some three or four hours when it was returning, but the short, quick, timeless stroke of the oarsmen satisfied all on board the brig that there was something to pay; that the keg so easily stowed away in the stern of the boat, was as empty as when first placed there.

This is a hard one. All the prospects of one jovial time, which the crew had so long had in embryo, were dashed to the earth.

The boat neared the brig, and slowly the crew clambered up the side. Sadness was depicted on every countenance.

"Say, old boy," said one of the crew to the foremost of those who left the boat, "what luck?"

"What luck, Bill," answered the other, "can't you tell by a fellow's phiz what luck there is with us. Not a drop."

"Not a drop?"

"Not a cussed drop, I tell you. There isn't liquor enough in the whole village to corn a musquito, perdition take it!"

Here, there was a general exclamation of curse the luck!

Every drop in the village has been collected by those fellows in that English ship over our stern there. They ransacked the village and made a raise of about twelve gallons, and to-night they are to have a time, while we had to run to the brig with an empty keg, and suck our fingers," said another of the boat's crew.

"But, say boys," said one, "couldn't we prevail on that ship's crew to let us have a little for love or money? They know how to pity us, and besides they have so much."

"No, we tried them on our return," said the first speaker of the boat's crew, "and not a cussed drop should we Yankees have, they said."

"Blast their stingy souls," chimed in one of the crew. "They all deserve to go to the bottom together. They were thinking of the late war, perhaps when you asked them."

"Oly Saint Patrick preserve us from iver been!" so stung, said an Irishman, a good natured fellow. "It is the nature of the John Bull to be stingy. But never a bit do we care for them, only if they will let us be grateful for our letting them off so easy in the last war, we will whip them harder the next time. Sure and it is only a drop that I would be after liking to whet this swate whistle of mine, curse them."

The boys tried to make themselves contented over their hard lot, but there was a set of woeful looking countenances about the brig's deck throughout the day.

Among the crew was a small-sized chap, a Yankee of the real stamp, who was generally beloved among the crew for his many excellent qualities.

Charley was a smart fellow, and but for his love of strong drink, might have made one of the smartest officers that ever trod a ship's deck. As it was, he lost his life by being precipitated from the fore-topmast yard, on the deck some time after, while in a state of intoxication.

As the evening drew near, Charley was seated near the forward part of the brig, his face long, and his countenance indescribable, watching now the shore, now the blue firmament above, and now turning and gazing upon the English ship astern, evidently in deep meditation.

Suddenly he sprang from his seat and leaped some four feet into the air and at the same time shouting at the extent of his lungs, "Hurra!"

For an instant all supposed that the want of liquor had driven Charley mad. But his next exclamation—

"Boys! I have it!" satisfied them on that score, and made them quite as eager to learn what he had.

"Boys," he continued, "we will have it to-night—blast them. We will have it, and we will have it on their liquor, too."

"How now?" was the general exclamation.

"They have it all, and not a drop will they spare."

"Niver a drop, blast them all," said the Irishman.

"But yet we will have our time on their liquor to-night. Now hear me. In the midst of their fun we will break in upon them and carry off their liquor."

"But they are more than three to us one, and we can't handle them," said one.

"Not if we are dry, and they have the stuff to quench our thirst," said another.

"Yes, be jabs, we will whip them—that we will do, hurra!" exclaimed the Irishman, and his fists came together with a clap that seemed to re-echo among the rigging.

"No, no, boys, said Charley. 'We will do it in a better shape than that. No fighting at all. To-night I shall come the ghost for their special benefit, and at their expense, and in that way we will fetch it. One of their number, a good-natured sort of a fellow, but not a general favorite with them has lately committed suicide on account of what he suffered from the crew of the ship, and on the point of ghosts they are practically sensitive at this time. In that way we will work them.'

"Charley, we will leave that to you," said all. "You understand how to do all things, and we feel well assured that our time will come off to-night."

A jolly good time, indeed they were having on board the English ship. Liquor flowed freely, and where that is, sailors will enjoy themselves.

Around a high table built in the middle of the deck, they sat and drank their fill. Yarns were spun and songs sang, such as old salts can alone sing. Far about the harbor their lusty voices could be heard when they had just commenced.

The night was dark though the horizon was covered with huge black clouds, which betokened a storm brewing. Occasionally the moon's rays broke through these clouds shedding light over water and land.

"If poor Bill Bowline was only here how he would enjoy this," said another, "and we must drink his health. By the way," the sailor continued, addressing himself to an iron-faced old tar who sat next to him, "by the way, Bob, do you believe in ghosts?"

"Why," asked the sailor addressed.

"Because it is my humble opinion that whether you do or not, you one day will. If Bill Bowline's ghost does not haunt you ere many days have passed, then I am no prognosticator of human events. There was no one who treated poor Bill so bad as you did."

"Yes, yes, poor Bill's ghost will one day come back, and then Bob, look out," said one who sat near.

"Well, let him send his ghost along, said Bob, in a gruff voice; I will treat it well, and if it would only come now I would drink its health, as we have Bill's to-night. But what a dull time those cursed Yankees must have to-night, he continued, as if the conversation on which they had been engaged was not very agreeable to him, and he would change it."

"The consummate fools, to think that we would spare the liquor, even though we have enough and to spare. Not a drop can they get to save their souls from jealousy."

"Let us drink to their healths, however, and then once more to the memory of poor Bill Bowline, exclaimed another."

This was responded to by a general raising of dippers and pouring their contents down the throats of the crew.

"And now to the memory of Bill Bowline, was heard."

At the moment the dippers were raised, there came seemingly from the very bows of the ship, a low, prolonged groan.

"Hark, what is that? was the general inquiry."

Again it came. This time longer, louder and more natural.

It was just such a groan as even Dodge himself, to do his best, could not imitate, and such an one as only Charley could give; and at the same moment an object white as death itself, slowly and majestically arose and then remained perfectly quiet.

It was some distance from the table to the extreme bows of the ship, and they who were around the former, could but dimly see the object. At the moment it rose, the moon had gone into a cloud, and it was quite dark.

For an instant those around the table remained silent. They instinctively looked about to see if any one of their number who might make a ghost of himself for the occasion, was not absent, but no—all were there.

Dippers dropped from their mouths upon the table, and all watched the white object, yet none spoke.

Again that groan—loud, long and fearful. No wonder the affrighted crew sprang with one accord, from the seats and stood speechless, watching. One at length broke the silence with the exclamation—

"It is poor Bill Bowline's ghost. I told you it would come back."

One firm step, and with an eye bent on the crew, the object took the step.

Then there was a general scattering—Some leaped into the rigging, while others prepared to throw themselves into the water, should the object continue to advance.

It did advance and the decks were cleared. Splash, splash, splash was heard as, one after the other, a part of the crew dropped into the water and struck for the shore. The others continued climbing till they reached the very tracks of the masts.

Not one remained upon the deck to meet the ghost, while the latter approached the table, and stood for a moment gazing upon the liquor which the crew had left.

It was only for a moment it gazed, however, for, picking up the keg which sat upon the table with head removed, it whirled suddenly round and made tracks for the ships bow once more.

Meanwhile, in the brig's yawl, which lay close under the bows, were some half-dozen fellows almost convulsed with laughter at what had transpired.

"Here, boys, take this keg, and for your lives sip not one drop of its contents, said a voice which could be easily recognized as that of Charley, as the object passed down the keg, and then it self dropped into the boat. Pull for the brig with all your strength boys, he con-

tinued; 'they have already left the rigging and are coming upon deck. They may give chase.'

Through the water the boat sped rapidly, and soon the brig's side was touched.

Amid the shouts of the crew, the keg was handed up, and then the boat was roused up the stern davits.

During the absence of Charley and his company, the crew not dreaming that when they set out on any scheme, however hazardous, they could fail, had spread their table and arranged their dippers for a time, and they had it.

It was expected that the Englishmen, after ascertaining the manner in which they had been duped would grow wrathful and set out in a body for the brig, but for some reason they did not come. Perhaps they knew not the reception they would receive.

A jolly good time was had on the brig's deck, and time after time was Charley's health drank. More than ever the crew loved him.

On the next day as the English ship made sail, and passed the brig on leaving the harbor, she was saluted with three cheers, but the crew for some reason, retained a dogged silence, not returning them, or even deigning to look up to see from what source they came. To this day I doubt if they have forgotten the manner in which they lost their liquor on the Pacific coast.

Virginia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and the Blind.

We find the following in a letter from one of the editors of the Charleston Literary Gazette, who is communicating to that paper incidents of travel Northward.

The Principal of the Deaf and Dumb School is Rev. J. D. Tyler, one of the best and ablest men of Virginia. Dr. Merillat is the head of the Blind School, a gentleman of fine intellect and character.

"THE DEAF MUTES.—While in Staunton, Va., a few weeks ago, I had the pleasure of visiting the Virginia institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and the Blind, located in that place. I should do my own feelings injustice if I failed to express the pleasure I experienced in the visit, and in becoming acquainted with the teachers and pupils. I was especially interested in the Deaf Mute department."

The good order, cheerfulness and animation of the pupils, their thirst for knowledge, and proficiency in the various studies pursued, and the zeal and patient perseverance of the teachers, speak well for the management and discipline of the Institution. One of the most pleasing and impressive scenes I ever witnessed, was the morning religious service in the chapel of the Institution. The pupils were nearly all seated in the hall when I entered. One of them invited me by signs to take a seat. I looked around upon the silent congregation. I never saw a more cheerful assemblage. In the beautiful language of signs, they conversed with each other of the loving kindness of the good God to them, his children. The Scripture lesson of the morning was written on the large black-board which hung over the platform at the end of the room.

Soon their Principal, a man with one of those serene, benevolent looking countenances, which win our love at the first glimpse of them, entered the chapel. All eyes were turned towards him as he ascended the platform, and the strict attention paid to him, and the repeated signs of assent and cordial sympathy with the sentiments expressed in the pantomimic discourse which he addressed to them, in explanation and illustration of the lesson before them, showed that he was understood and appreciated.

Ver, and the Silent Ones display a most wonderful alacrity, to their va-sings be on the engaged in the bright sky, at the unfortunate—w.

"The deaf to hear the That voice, which with from The dumb, deaf spirit from"

FRIENDSHIP.—Lieutenant M. had seen much military service. Ever, the wars were over, and he was enough to do but lounge as best he could through life upon half pay. He was one day taking his ease at his tavern, when he observed a stranger, evidently a foreigner, gazing intently at him. The lieutenant appeared not to notice the intrusion, but shifted his position. The stranger shifted too, and still with unblinking gaze, he stared. This was too much for Montgomery, who rose and approached his scrutinizing intruder.

"Do you know me sir?" asked the lieutenant.

"I think I do," answered the foreigner, who was evidently a Frenchman.

"Have we ever met before?" continued Montgomery.

"I will not swear to it; but if we have—and I am almost sure we have," said the stranger—"you have a sabre cut, a deep one on your right wrist."

"I have," cried Montgomery, turning back his sleeve, and displaying a very deep scar.

"I didn't get this for nothing, for the brave fellow who made me a present of it I repaid with a gasp across his skull."

The Frenchman bent down his head, parted his hair with his hand, and said—"you may look at the receipt."

The next moment they were in each others arms. They became bosom friends for life.

SALT IN COAL REGIONS.—It has long been the opinion of the most intelligent mining engineers, who have examined the coal regions of Allegheny county, Md., that salt might be obtained by boring.

The Miner's Journal says: It is a well known fact that large quantities of salt are obtained from the coal-fields of the Kanawha in Western Virginia. This strengthens the idea that salt will ultimately be found in the Cumberland region—perhaps somewhere about the Savage river.

During the war with Great Britain, there were extensive borings for salt at Paddytown, on the Virginia side of the Potomac, and that after reaching a depth of 600 feet, the supply of salt water was abundant, from which large quantities of this article was manufactured. Why the borings were abandoned, we have never been able to learn.

Archidamus being asked who was the master of Sparta, said: "The laws, and next them, the magistrates."

Earn money before you spend it.

The Yankee and the Dutchman's Dog. Abner was a quiet, peaceable sort of a Yankee, who lived on the same farm on which his father had lived before him, and was generally considered a pretty cute sort of a fellow, always ready with a trick, whenever it was of the least utility; yet when he did play off his tricks it was done in such a cute manner, that his victim could do no better than take it all in good part.

Now it so happened that one of his neighbors sold a farm to a tolerably green specimen of a Dutchman—one of the real stupid, unintelligent sort. Von Vlom Schlopa had a dog, as Dutchmen often do, who was less intelligent than his master, and who had since leaving his fatherland become sufficiently civilized not only to appropriate the soil as common property, but had progressed so far in the good work as to obtain his dinners from the sheepfold of the neighbors on the same principle.

When Abner discovered this propensity in the canine department of the family of the Dutchman, he called over to his new neighbor to enter complaint, which mission he accomplished in the most natural manner in the world.

"Wal, Von, your dog Blitzen has been killing my sheep!"

"Ya, dat ish base—bad; he ish von goot too; ya, dat ish bad."

Sertain its bad, and you'll have to stop him."

"Ya, dat ish all as goot—but Ich weis nicht."

What is that you say? he was nixed? Wal neow, look here old fellow, nixkin is no use—crop him—cut the tail close off—chuck up teu the rump—that will cure him."

"At ish dat? exclaimed the Dutchman while a faint ray of intelligence crept over his features; ya, dat ish goot—dat cure von sheep steal, eh?"

Sertain it will, he will never touch sheep meat again in the world! said Abner gravely.

Den come mit me—he von mighty goot too; all the way from Yarmany; I not take von five dollar—but come mit me and hold his tail, eh? Ich chop him off."

Sertain, said Abner, I will hold his tail if you want me tew, but you must cut it up close."

"Ya, dat ish right—Ich make him von goot too—there, Blitzen, come right here, von sheep steal rashell!"

I chop your tail in von two pieces."

The dog obeyed the summons, and the master tied his feet fore and aft, for fear of accident, and placing the tail in the hands of the Yankee, requested him to lay it across a large stick of wood.

Chuck up, said Abner, as he drew the butt of the tail close over the log.

"Ya, dat ish right—now von tam tie sheep, I learns you better luck, said Von Vlom Schlopa, as he raised the axe. It descended, and as it did so, Abner with characteristic presence of mind, gave a sudden jerk and brought his neck over the log, and the head rolled over the other side.

Wal I swow! said Abner with apparent astonishment, as he dropped the headless trunk of the dog, that was a little too close."

Mine cot! exclaimed the Dutchman, you shust cut him off de wrong end!"

Obstructions to the use of the Telescopes.

It has been long known both from theory and in practice, that the imperfect transparency of the earth's atmosphere, and the unequal refraction which arises from differences of temperature, combine to set a limit to the use of high magnifying powers in our telescopes. Hitherto, however, the application of such high powers was checked by the imperfections of the instruments themselves; and it is only since the construction of Lord Rosse's telescope that astronomers have found that, in our damp and variable climate, it is only during a few days of the year that telescopes of such magnitude can use successfully the high magnifying powers which they are capable of bearing. Even in a cloudless sky when the stars are twinkling in the firmament, the astronomer is baffled by influences which are invisible, and while new planets and comets are being discovered by instruments of comparatively small, the gigantic telescope of Ulysses. As the astronomer cannot command a tempest to clear his atmosphere, nor a thunder storm to purify it, his only alternative is to remove his telescope to some southern climate, where no clouds disturb the serenity of the firmament, and no changes of temperature distract the emanations of the stars. A fact has been recently mentioned, which entitles us to anticipate great results from such a measure. The Marquis of Ormande is said to have seen from Mount Etna, with his naked eye, the satellites of Jupiter. If this be true, what discoveries may we not expect, even in Europe, from a large reflector working above the grossest strata of our atmosphere. The noble experiment of sending a large reflector to a southern climate has been but once made in the history of science. Sir John Herschel transported his telescopes and his family to the south of Africa, and during a voluntary exile of four years duration he enriched astronomy with many splendid discoveries.—Sir David Brewster.

OUTWARD BEAUTY.—I cannot understand, says Frederika Bremer, the importance which certain people set upon outward beauty or plainness. I am of the opinion that all true education, such at least as has a religious foundation, must infuse a noble calm, a wholesome coldness, as an indifference, or whatever people may call it, towards such-like outward gifts, or the want of them. And who has not experienced how little consequence they are, in fact, for the weal or woe of life? Who has not experienced how, on nearer acquaintance, plainness becomes beautified, and beauty loses its charm, exactly according to the quality of the heart and mind? And from this cause I am also of the opinion that the want of outward beauty never disquiets a noble nature, or will be regarded as a misfortune. It never can prevent people from being amiable and beloved in the highest degree, and of this we have daily proof.

DR. L. F. CAMPBELL, having removed to near the centre of the town in a room adjoining Mr. Deppert's Office, on Kingston's street, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of the town and surrounding country. Clarksburg, Nov. 12, 1851.—H.

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JOHN S. CARLILE, Attorney at Law, CLARKSBURG, HARRISON CO., VA. Office, the one heretofore occupied by Col. G. D. Camden.

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GO IT, BOB-TAIL! A specimen of the genus 'Hoosier' was found by Captain Perry, of the steamer 'Enterprise', in the engine room of his boat, while lying at Louisville, one fine morning in June. The Captain inquired what he was doing there.

"Have you seen Captain Perry?" was the interrogative response.

"Don't know him; and can't tell what that has to do with your being in my engine room," replied the captain angrily.

"Hold on, that's just what I was getting at. You see Capt. Perry asked me to take a drink, and so I did; I knew that I wanted drink, and I shouldn't have been so very dry."

"So Captain Perry and I went to the ball. Captain Perry is putting in some extras on one toe. I sung out, 'Go it Captain Perry, if you bust your biler.' With that a man stepped up to me, says he, 'see here, stranger, you must leave.' Says I, 'what must I leave for? Says he, 'you're making too much noise.' Says I, 'I've been in bigger crowds than this, and made more noise, and didn't have to leave nuther.' With that he tuck me by the nape of the neck, and the seat of the breeches—and left."

"As I was shovin down the street, I met a lady. I knew she was a lady by a remark she made. Says she, 'young man, I reckon you'll go home with me.' Politeness wouldn't let me refuse, and so I went. I'd been in the house but a minute, when I heard a considerable of a knocking at the door. I know'd the chap wanted to get in, whoever he was, or he wouldn't have kept up such a tremendous racket. By and by says a voice, 'if you don't open, I'll bust in the door.' And so he did; I put on a bold face, and says I, 'stranger, does this woman belong to you?' Says he, 'she does.' Then, says I, 'she is a lady, I think, from all that I have seen of her.'"

"With that he came to me with a pistol in one hand and a Bowie knife in the other, and being a little pressed for room, I jumped through the window, leaving the bigger portion of my coat tail. As I was streaking it down town, with the fragments fluttering to the breeze, I met a friend. I knew he was a friend by a remark he made. Says he, 'Go it, bob-tail he's gainin on you!' and that is the way I happened to be in your engine-room. I am a good swimmer, captain, but do excuse me if you please, from taking water."—Louisville Journal.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.—The following table of the number of pounds of various articles to a bushel, may be of interest to some of our farming friends:

Of wheat, sixty pounds.

Of shelled corn, fifty-six pounds.

Of corn in the cob, seventy pounds.

Of oats thirty-five pounds.

Of barley, forty-eight pounds.

Of potatoes, sixty pounds.

Of beans, sixty pounds.

Of bran, twenty pounds.

Of clover seed, sixty pounds.

Of timothy seed, forty-five pounds.

Of flax seed, fifty-five pounds.